

Brooklyn, June 19, 1838.

My dear friend:

14

I have been so ill since my arrival in this village, as to be confined to my bed almost up to the present hour. Yesterday I began to mend, and this morning feel considerably better, having enjoyed a very delightful ride. The mail for Boston leaves Brooklyn only three times a week; and as I was too feeble to reply to your kind letter on Saturday, I can do no better than seize this next succeeding opportunity to say how much I am obliged to you for your prompt attention, your generous and disinterested kindness, and your fresh overture of personal friendship — all which are appreciated by me according to their high value. A profusion of thanks would be no evidence of my gratitude; and even if it would, I am sure you would much rather not receive it.

The donation of our New-Bedford friend Robeson is to me as unexpected as it is liberal — and the more remarkable, as I have had no personal acquaintance with him, except a mere introduction in one of our anti-slavery meetings. It seems he would be gratified if I would accept of it as a present. This I will do, in the spirit of my mind; and yet you must not fail to put it down as a component part of my salary for the present year. You may retain it in your hands, with such other sums as shall be collected, until I write you specifically on the subject — paying over, however, to my friend Oliver Johnson, (who is now editor de facto,) whatever he may require, without any further order from me.

It is quite probable, that, since the burning of Pennsylvania Hall, Philadelphia has swarmed with calumnies against abolitionists in general, and myself in particular. Even "killing is no murder," if only such madmen as ourselves fall victims to popular fury; — and why should we marvel, if those who committed the horrid deed of arson, should now attempt to charge the guilt of it upon innocent men? Well, dear friend, my shoulders are broad enough to bear all that can be piled upon them. Like another Atlas, I can sustain a whole globe of contumely and reproach, and stand more erect than himself. I am covetous of all the responsibility that belongs to me in this matter — ever carrying with me "a conscience void of offence, both toward God and toward man." So fertile are my enemies in misrepresenting my language, spirit and actions, that I shall find it difficult to determine, in my own mind, as to the charges which my friend Robeson heard alleged against me in the city of negro hatred. Nevertheless, I will write to him on the subject, and also to thank him for his donation in aid of the Liberator.

Our mutual friend Jackson informs me, by letter, that a clerical opponent in Vermont has recently denounced me, from the pulpit, as "a sabbath-breaker, an enemy to the christian religion, a disturber of the peace of society, and a violator of all law, both human and divine"!! These mild and charitable accusations are probably intended to contrast favorably with my "hard language" against the traffickers in "slaves and souls of men." I need not say to you, that they are all false, excepting one. It would be

useless for me to deny that I am "a disturber of the peace of society"; - but when I remember that those, "of whom the world was not worthy," the simple-minded, courageous apostles of our Lord, were guilty in like manner, I feel quite hardened on that score, and am resolved neither to repent, nor to ask forgiveness of that capital transgression against the kingdoms of this world. "No is me, my mother! for thou hast borne me to be a man of strife!"

Dr. Channing is mistaken. It is possible even for an abolitionist to take advice. Why, I am one of the most docile creatures in the world! True, I am resolved never to believe that slavery is a divine institution, or that slaveholders are fulfilling the royal law of love: but am I therefore to be ranked among proud, egotistical, self-willed, and most obstinate bigots? Preposterous! Because I declare that fire shall not burn this heresy out of me - to wit, that slaveholding is under all possible circumstances sinful - does it logically follow, Dr. Channing, that the advice of my friend Edmund Quincy, to "throw physic to the dogs," use an air-bath every morning, and as often take an ablu-tion in Eastern fashion, &c. &c. &c. for my especially benefit as an invalid, will be rejected by me? No-no! I thank you, my friend, and mean to "take your advice." Lobelia and cayenne I have none on hand, having been too busy in Boston, up to the hour of my departure, to go to the Thompsonian infirmary to get a supply - which, doubtless, will be very good intelligence to you and some of my other friends, whose faith, peradventure, in those

1838

unrivalled medicines is not so great as a grain of mustard seed.
Believe me, notwithstanding so much cayenne has got into me,
I am very cool and lamb-like, and mean to hurt nobody.

Little George Thompson is uncommonly buoyant and
happy in his new home, and would very much like to have a com-
panion in your dear little son. Will you send him along?

Wm. L. Garrison
June 19/38.

Single. - Paid.

Paid 10

Brocklyn N.Y.

June 19

Edmund Quincy,

Beacon-Street,

Boston, Mass.



Mrs. Garrison reciprocates your expressions of
friendship, and desires to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Quincy
and yourself. Of course, all the best wishes of my heart cluster
around your household. In storm or sunshine, I remain,

Yours with large esteem, and gratefully,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.